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CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Co-starring in Paramount's
"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"



From Laughs to Tears in 30 Seconds



CLAUDETTE COLBERT tells how the
throat-strain of emotional acting led her to Luckies

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Sworn Records Show That... **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST - IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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Praise Allah!

By Mildred Howell

“EVERYBODY’S learning how to do the Big Apple”—or so one of the “swing” song hits puts it. Like a hurricane it has swept over the country from coast to coast. It was all started in a night club in Columbia, South Carolina. There Billy Spivey, nineteen, saw the new kind of Apple served by a group of negroes. Billy introduced it to his friends at a high school prom. From the high school this new dance-for-fun went to the University of South Carolina; then it sped throughout the South, and in an astonishingly short time, throughout the country. The entire United States became Apple-conscious.

If you have never heard of this new sensation, you would, of course, like to have the recipe. It is really quite simple. Take one bushel of lively people—unlike most recipes, in this one, age is no factor—marinate (the popular word is “souse”) them well with hot “swing” music; season with a few crazy spices such as “piggy back,” “Suzie Q,” “truckin’,” “shaggin’,” “swing high,” and last but far from mildest, “praise Allah”; stir them ’round and ’round with a “leaderman”; and, finally, serve in any kind of clothes good on a dance floor.

Yes, the Big Apple is a dance, but not *just* a dance. It is a dance made up of dances, a super-dance that overshadows any dance of the past, even the Charleston, which smartly slid to fame in the 1920’s. From whence did the Big Apple come to turn people into whirling dervishes of rhythm? Where did the group of negroes that were seen by Billy Spivey get their ideas? That is a question upon which many have spoken, a question which has yet to be answered. The best answer can be only a supposition, a possibility, a probability. Did the Big Apple come from jazz? Or did the rhythms to which it may be danced result from the influence of the dance itself? No one knows precisely.

Many authorities believe that this dance is a direct product of the evolution of rag-time music to jazz to “swing.” The Big Apple is a com-

bination of new steps built on a fresh edition of the square dance, one of the oldest dance forms.

“If music is truly the expression of the age, then jazz is an interpretation of our modern era,” once said Dorothy Bergmann. “It expresses the restlessness, the extravagance, the lure of excitement, the ostentatious show, the irresponsibility as to the sacredness of the marriage contract, and the hectic spirit of the time. It is an expression of the nervous tension that followed the Great War.”

Louis Anspacher has defined jazz as “. . . like a mule, a hybrid with little ancestry and no traditions, yet possessing a terrific kick.” This shows very well the effect of jazz, but it does very little towards actually defining it. In fact, the further you go into the subject of jazz, the more you realize that it is almost impossible to define it.

The first traces of our modern jazz are found in the rhythmic jungle chants of Africans, in the tom-tom beats of those savages. Too, from the “coon” songs of the 1900’s, from the innovations of W. C. Handy, it finally came into its perfected form, the unique treatments by the Dixieland Band. The jazz cult splits on the matter of whether the credit for the original development of “swing” music must be given to white men such as the Dixieland Band, or to black men such as King Oliver and his band, which was famous in the decade before the war.

The Jazz Age was started by the younger generation, but their elders immediately took it over, substituted liquor for young blood, and carried on the mad dance of a crazy, thoughtless life until 1929. The black hero of this first great period was Louis Armstrong, who migrated from New Orleans to Chicago to join King Oliver. Some of his recorded solos are as important to lovers of American syncopation as Beethoven’s “Ninth Symphony” is to subscribers of the New York Philharmonic.

At this same time, a white youngster named Leon "Bix" Beiderbecke was performing on the trumpet with astonishing grace and invention. He played with many of the great "swing" organizations like Jean Goldkette's, Frank Trumbauer's, and for a time with Paul Whiteman's. His death in 1931 coincided with the artistic and commercial collapse of jazz music in America. The public taste had begun to run to "sweet" bands such as Guy Lombardo's, Wayne King's, and Eddy Duchin's.

About 1934, jazz became saleable again in the United States. The revival came with a series of records which bespectacled Benny Goodman made in 1933. The fact that jazz was once more immensely popular in the land of its birth was illustrated by the insane vogue of "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round." Another example was the Sunday afternoon recital which Benny Goodman played to eight hundred Chicago jazz academicians who would no more have thought of dancing than they would of gavotting at a symphony concert.

Only in the last two or three years has jazz been called by its new name of "swing." What is the difference between jazz and "swing"? Plainly speaking, there is no difference at all. "Swing" is rhythm; that is all. The element which is so important in producing the best type of jazz is syncopation, emphasis on an ordinarily unaccented beat. The reason that many people do not like jazz or "swing" is that they have never learned to follow its rhythms, and hence have never experienced the exhilaration of syncopation.

In his article, "Hot Music," Reed Dickerson says, "Genetically, rhythm is the basis upon which most art forms are built, including at least music, dancing, and poetry." And jazz, according to Mr. Dickerson, is nothing more than eccentricity shown forth in rhythm through syncopation, in harmony through unorthodox chords, in tone through brilliant color. Jazz has sharpened the popular appreciation of rhythm. Ragtime had been simply a syncopation of a tune; one could whistle it all. Jazz, melodically, lends itself, of course, to whistling; in addition, it embraces all the harmonic devices; it plays with tone color; it makes "whoopie" with variations; in a word, it opens the way to imaginative adventure. That jazz

has made the public harmony-conscious and deepened its musical response is the opinion of Isaac Goldberg in his "Music by Gershwin." On looking through Gershwin's songs, one finds that some of the best are not even syncopated; for to him as to other jazz devotees, "Music comes first."

Paul Whiteman, Irving Berlin, and the late George Gershwin—their very names seem to bring one in touch with the magic of the jazz, the sheer beauty they have produced. Those men are the outstanding ones who have lifted jazz from its post-war slush to the place it now holds in the halls where great music is heard.

In the week of December 1, 1936, Paul Whiteman led a two-hour concert in the Philadelphia Academy of Music with a yard-long baton. For those two hours a symphony orchestra supplemented by soloists from the band "tooted saxaphones, rattled wind machines, picked guitars, shrilled police whistles, thumped tom-toms, pumped accordians, wailed on bagpipes, clicked on typewriters, crashed dishes, rang alarm bells, and discharged revolvers to make memorable the great leader's winter debut." This concert was an important stage in his fight to make symphony-goers take jazz seriously. Mr. Whiteman is now working to establish a center for students of jazz at Williams College. Through *Time* Mr. Whiteman says that he will not be contented until he enters new York's musical "holy of holies"—Carnegie Hall—with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Everyone knows the fine timbre produced in songs by Irving Berlin. His melodies are beloved by America. His songs, his orchestrations, his musical-comedies have already gone down in the history of music as semi-classics. Even yet, Irving Berlin's genius is concocting new delights to regale the ear and make one laugh and cry at the very humanity of them.

Gershwin, the man who first carried jazz into a definite symphonic form with his "Rhapsody in Blue," has done more than any other American composer to make *good* jazz universally revered. In losing George Gershwin, mankind has lost progress in jazz. Because of his death, the world will never know more of the splendidly daring beauty he created. In his

article, "Music by Gershwin," Isaac Goldberg, an able music critic, said, "Gershwin is, without putting too fine a point on it, Young America, building upon the rhythms of the jungle a new music compounded of grace, vitality, and dignity." Gershwin's music is the peak of the epoch of jazz which we are now experiencing.

Particularly manifest in Gershwin's music and in the popular songs played by such organizations as Benny Goodman's, Tommy Dorsey's, Jimmy Dorsey's, or Kay Kayser's, is the element which makes jazz different from any other music. This element is performing "ad lib," improvising: "jamming," "swinging," "ragging," "going to town"—these are only a few of the names for "the hot performance which is the heart and soul of jazz." All this improvisation is based on a desire for self-expression, a desire to play things that are inspired, that come under the pressure of the moment, and that cannot be written down.

Does the jazz, the self-expression of today,

convey the American people as a shallow, "eat-drink-for-tomorrow-we-die"-people? Paul Whiteman says that jazz has the cheerfulness of despair, a quality deep in America. "Behind the rush of achievement is a restlessness of dissatisfaction, a vague nostalgia and yearning for something indefinable, beyond our grasp.—That is the thing expressed by that wail, that longing, that pain behind all the surface clamor and rhythm and energy of jazz. It is the expression of the soul of America, and America recognizes it."

Jazz, the soul of America! Music, the expression of that people! Such a knowledge has the power to give one a new set of values, a new outlook on life; it shows the depths which America may plumb as she progresses in the path of her native product through the talent which still lies hidden, unawakened. That talent is rooted deep in the heart of some young person. Perhaps it is you, or you, or you.



From June Bug to Cameo

By Elizabeth Brown

THE June bug rode on my hat brim from North Carolina to Arkansas. It stayed there for a night and part of a day after we arrived in Arkansas.

Then my grandmother and I (all unwilling) sallied forth to reconnoitre our situation. (Wherever she went, Granny always prepared for a siege.)

The street was quiet, and the trees were wide, and we walked until we came to a Home for Old Soldiers in front of which there were a number of benches, and also a number of loitering old soldiers. Granny appraised the latter with the accuracy of practice, disposed of me on the first bench we passed, and clipped off in her determination-waltz pace toward an old gentleman of the day when men were manly in proportion to their beards (and he must have been a rounder).

Every time I had ever seen Granny walk that way things had happened. Once I had seen her step so toward an impudent (mostly imprudent) stove salesman and scurry him from the house like a rat with a pinched nose. Too, she had employed it toward more pacific, but none the less purposeful, ends—such as the time when the children's skating in front of her house had disturbed her peace and she had gone to the authorities with the suggestion that they rope off some little-used street where the children could skate in safety.

So I fell off the bench as quickly and as cautiously as my fat tummy would permit me and trotted after her. I came up in time to hear her telling Mr. Percy (the introductions had already been made) that she was a stranger in town, completely lost. Could he please tell her how to get to the house number and street where we lived? It was the first time and the last I ever saw my grandmother lost, geographically, socially, economically, politically, morally, or otherwise.

But I knew the way home and said so. That was my fatal mistake. I erred when I left the bench; but I bit into calamity when I opened my mouth. Granny reduced me to a mere bump in the pavement with one lightning exposure

to her eyes. Mr. Percy was more leisurely. He examined my shoes, which were white; my socks, which were pink; my dress—also pink; my face, which was pinker. His eyes stopped on my hat, which was white—except for one iridescent dark spot that was my June bug. I knew, by the expression on his face, the instant he saw it, and I was about to swell with pride. That June bug had picked me from all the station crowd and had sat on my hat—had ridden there from North Carolina to Arkansas. I was about to tell Mr. Percy the story. Then gallantly that old war horse thumped my June bug into Eternity.

I screamed. And screamed. Old soldiers bubbled from the Home, out the doors, out the windows, down the fire escapes; and the creaking of their joints was as the squeaking of insects in the night. They came armed with hatchets and fire extinguishers and hose and buckets. I guess they thought there was a fire. One in a wheel chair cheered me on. Maybe he was a Yankee, or a Surrealist, or maybe he had a sore toe. The others searched for my June bug—for any June bug, in fact. But they found none at all.

Now my grandmother is a remarkable woman. She was a remarkable maiden. She was a remarkable child. At the age of three she sat on the back steps for hours pulling pickaninnies' kinks straight to see them screw back into kinks when she turned them loose. At the age of six she burned down her father's hay stacks trying to smooth the edges so they would be more beautiful. At twelve she drove a horse and buggy through the Pee Dee river in flood. At fifteen she tucked up her curls and ran away with a dashing young Virginian with the best trotting horses in three states. After that she undertook the repopulation of the county, with considerable success, always managing to have one offspring just old enough to take care of the youngest. In time she was widowed, and at fifty or more, she eloped a la buckboard with a graybeard who had fought with her father in the War of Secession. He died in a year or so, and not long after, she began to "keep company" with an ancient

knight of the fiddle who broke my violin bow and returned no more. She fractured her hip sometime in her late fifties or early sixties, and retired from active whoopeeing. Now in her seventies she has a parrot.

I, however, did not know her past until I had become firmly convinced of her virtue and her omniscience. My enlightenment made me a lifelong sleuth of duplicities. My grandmother had had a good time, but her experience certainly took a tuck in my skirts. She knew all the answers and all the protestations of innocence; she even knew the trademarks of my crimes—they were so like her own, I suppose. I have looked in a mirror many a time to see the "guilt written all over" my face, and have seen nothing at all but the blankest expression I could summon from my repertoire of occasional faces. I have examined Granny's glasses in private to see if there were any mind-reading powers in the small semi-circle of very thick lens through which she always considered me. I have even marched around the house for hours at a time dragging a BB gun, keeping watch for the "little bird" that told. I can understand now that there was no one else to attribute mischief-making to except me — or Granny herself. Once Mother was about to make me sit in the corner as punishment for dumping her powder on the floor. I might very readily have done it. I thoroughly enjoyed rubbing powder into the floor with my bare feet. On this occasion, however, Mother learned, quite by chance, that Granny had knocked the box over — accidentally, of course! I was rewarded a small fortune (fifty cents) for that miscarriage of justice, but I had to put it in my bank.

It was the June bug incident, though, that really began Granny's and my respectful enmity toward each other—that and subsequent events in Hot Springs. Granny had found her element at the Old Soldiers' Home. It was a pleasant walk from our house to the Home, and Granny became an exercise enthusiast. Moreover, she decided that my tender youth needed more constant supervision, and I, though round and not built for rambling, became the companion of her strolls. Gradually the old gentlemen came to expect us and were to be found loitering, casually of course, on the walk at the hour of our visit. One, the Mr. Percy of our introductory experience, appointed himself our guide to the city's

choice attractions. He seemed to be particularly fond of me; at any rate, he insisted on tossing me into the air and kissing me beardfully. The tossing injured my dignity, and the kissing tickled. So finally, in desperation, I gave a terrific tug and removed about half the offending whiskers. Mr. Percy set me down a bit hastily and let me alone thereafter. In private, later, Granny spanked me.

One day we were caught in a rain storm. Granny's hat rapidly took on the appearance of a hail-beaten vegetable garden, and a trickle of dye ran down her cheek. We heard the street car somewhere on the other side of the sheet of water around us. Granny grabbed me up, waded to the middle of the street, and stood in the car tracks waving her arm. The car stopped very suddenly about two feet in front of us, and Granny hustled us in. Most of the passengers were groveling on their hands and knees when we got in. I thought it very peculiar.

We rode the entire afternoon. Finally, we were the only two passengers. The conductor looked back and asked where we would like to get off.

"Just drive on, lad," Granny said. "I'll tell you when to stop."

He drove on for thirty minutes or so, and then stopped at an amusement park. I was delighted with the prospect of a ride on the merry-go-round, but Granny ordered the driver to go on—although the rain had ceased and I could see no reason for riding longer. But the driver shifted his cap and spoke.

"Lady, this is the end of the line. The car goes to bed here. The night car leaves in about an hour."

So we got out. And Granny spent the next hour refusing to ride the ferris wheel or the merry-go-round or to eat hot dogs and cotton candy—and refusing to get them for me. But the Japanese lanterns were pretty.

Mr. Percy called on Granny that night. Indeed, he had begun to call on her almost every night. And I sat in my little red rocking chair disregarding all hints about cookies in the pantry.

The courtship went on until it would not have been a bit surprising if Granny and I had ducked out the window some night and run off with Mr. Percy. It happened that we left for North Carolina before the romance became violent.

At home again I was not so much under Granny's eye—but I might as well have been. If she were sitting on the front porch and I struck a match behind the hen house, she smelled it. If I made an elephant pit in the back yard, she was sure to stick her foot into it. And as the years passed, she seemed to lose all sense of humor about such things, though she was very much amused when I came tottering home one day, drunk from eating wild cherries. More and more often, I found myself having to sit still for an hour while everyone else was out playing. One spring I was not allowed to take the first hyacinth to school. (Granny's always bloomed before any one else's.) That was a terrible blow.

It was the penalty for excellent sport, however. I was having my bath one afternoon when I suddenly decided that my puppy should have one too. I found him chewing my shoe under the kitchen table. I tiptoed (in order not to arouse Granny) back to the tub and dumped the puppy in. He leaped out and was gone through the door I had forgotten to shut, before I could clear from my eyes the water he had splashed. I chased after, but he was not to be found. In a few minutes, I heard a queer gargling sound from Granny's room, and I peered around the door. Granny was not there, but the puppy was. He had pulled Granny's Lavendar Hat from the box (in which it had been kept under her bed for so many years it had become a legend) and was happily engaged in shaking it to pieces. I grabbed it and yanked. The puppy thought that a signal for play. And there we were when Granny stalked in—the lavendar feathers stuck to our wet hides, the hat between us looking strained and unnatural.

I was good for many days after that. Then I set the garage afire one afternoon experimenting with a can of paint. Granny had gone down town, and I felt quite safe for the afternoon. I had heard that paint when burned made a flame of its own color. Of course, the garage had to catch. I had the fire almost out when I heard Granny coming; so I threw a last handful of sand and ran for my hideout to wait until the matter should cool somewhat.

When I returned, Granny was sitting on the front porch, rocking vigorously. She ignored me. Indeed, she ignored me for two hours—until I climbed to the top of a tree in the front yard and promptly fell out again (unintention-

ally) into the middle of the verberna bed. Whereupon, Granny bore down upon me and blessed me out, first, for climbing the tree and second, for smashing the verberna bed. Then she carried me to bed and gave me some "sassafras tea" and a cookie.

Shortly after that we moved to another town, and I saw Granny only during visits when I was too dressed up to be mischievous. But armed neutrality was still the rule. All evidence that I had reformed was external—my freckles had receded somewhat, I was not bruised or scratched, and my nose had grown a bit. I was quite healthy, however, and Granny kept her eyes open—but not wide enough. I did contrive to scare the cook into a bluish pallor with a toy snake. She threatened to leave if I stayed, but we had to go home anyway.

We heard that Granny was about to die. As a matter of fact we received a telegram from one of my more unstable cousins stating that Granny was dead. Well, we were practically all packed about two hours later when a second telegram arrived from the same cousin, stating: "Granny revived." We went on to Granny's house anyway—partly from curiosity. It seemed that Granny had partaken too heartily of the season's delicacies—peaches, watermelon, and cantaloupes—and was suffering from a malady akin to green apple tummyache.

But the affair served to remind the family of Granny's age and decrepitude. Much sentimentality oozed from the family tongues, and many solicitous visits were paid for a time—until Granny grew hale and hearty again and dismissed her numerous descendants from underfoot.

It was during this period that I heard discussions of the cameo among my older cousins. Now Granny's cameo is an antique of some value (though I always thought it looked somewhat battered) and there was much speculation—very, very impersonal speculation—as to who would inherit it. Occasionally, one or the other of the hopefuls, in private, would sound Granny out about it. But she merely pulled her mouth down into chinny stubbornness and sat immovable, like a contrary hen on a rock. That matter of inheritance entailed Granny's dying. And as the years rolled on, changing my cousins to wives, to mothers, to bridge fiends; veneering me to something that

might pass for a young lady if it were not probed too deeply; acidifying Granny to a dried-up humor that ate through time, space, philosophy, will, and human patience, the cameo was forgotten.

Then Granny caught a cold; the cold became bronchitis; the bronchitis became double pneumonia and pleurisy. Heart and kidney complications developed. Everybody knew she had to die—people of seventy-odd simply do not recover from such things. So my cousins brought forth the cameo subject again. As Granny grew worse, and the time when she must make a will seemed nearer and nearer, they became more and more attentive to her. Finally the doctor said there was nothing more he could do, and went home. It was the last day; Granny would not live till the next morning—and still she had made no will. The family tiptoed one by one into her room for a last visit, and most tear-streaked of the mourners were my yet hopeful cousins. But Granny said nothing about the cameo.

Night came. The family congregated to wait for the end. Every now and then Mother or one of my aunts went to see how Granny was. About midnight one of them returned and announced that "Mama must know she is dying." (I failed to understand how she could have kept from catching on after a whole afternoon of open house following three weeks of no company at all!) It seemed, however, that Granny had been

dictating the disposal of her possessions—and I was to have the cameo. My cousins' faces fell from weepy curiosity (of a quite permissible kind!) to dry-eyed disappointment. I giggled. Everybody in the room turned toward me disapprovingly. For a moment I felt like a salted peanut in a box of chocolate almonds, but I still giggled.

Granny had made her *coup d'etat*—a magnificent gesture, up to her highest standards of perversity. She had given me the cameo for the sole purpose of spiting my cousins. She succeeded! Furthermore, the success of her ruse was not lessened by her last minute refusal to die and complete it.

As a matter of fact, her living was a rather disconcerting show of independence. The coffin was practically bought; the undertaker had cleaned the hearse; the florist had made a tentative order for extra flowers. Worst of all, everybody had composed his mind to acceptance of her death, and it had to be readjusted to facts—which is a confounding bother especially when it must be done hurriedly. Even the doctor had been convinced that she would die. Expecting to be told that she had died, he called early in the morning. The nurse admitted that Granny had slept peacefully since one o'clock and had waked up demanding her breakfast.

"My God," the doctor had shouted, "the old lady's got a constitution of iron!"

Granny and I are still dear enemies; but the cameo belongs to her.

ABSTRACT DESIGN

*There is black in night;
A violent black that begs
For light to give relief,
A black that chokes and
Quivers in its hold.*

*There is light in day;
A grilling light that cries
For black to give it rest;
A light that drains and
Empties in its quest.*

*There is dark and light
In lives of painted dolls.
The red and yellow
Gypsies of the day
And blue and blackened
Smokers of the night
Rush from giving truth
To searching light.*

—GWENDOLYN GAY.



CONVERSATION AT DIP'S

'Twas nine o'clock at Dip's, and trade was slow . . .

Two customers, while seven girls stood round
And tried to manufacture work to do
When J. Augustus Dip, the boss, passed by.
Or else they frankly loafed, indifferently . . .
A job's a job; tomorrow's another day.

Said Sue to Jane: "You think they'll raise your pay
Because you bustle so? Don't kid yourself!
You think that guy would give a girl a break?
No chance! He's after dough, that baby is.
We're on our feet till midnight in this joint . . .
Steaks, stew, pie, beer; or what is yours, my dear?

Small thanks we get. And tips . . . say, that's a joke!

What sort of tip d'you think he'd leave, the bloke

Wolfing the pot-roast there? Yes, him . . . Sal's man

I guess he is. At least, I understand
She let him take her to the Fireman's Ball."

"Oh, that don't mean a thing," said Jane. "Why, Sal

Has got more sardines dangling on her string
Than you could shake a stick at . . . lucky gal.
If I could get one steady, honest man,
I'd be content, I would. And, gosh, I'd slave
Like any nigger, cooking, keeping house,
If I could get a man. Some can; some can't.
I guess I'm not the type."

She was the type,
But Jane was country-bred and couldn't see
The reasons for a lot of things. In time,
No doubt, she would; she'd see . . . and get her man.

"Here's Marge. What's up, old dear? Say! You look sick . . .

White as a sheet. You want a bracer, kid?"

"No; I ain't sick. Don't bother me. It's them,
The cli-en-tele, as J. Augustus Dip
Would call the dirty bums. I hate them all.
They always want to park their greasy paws
Just where they shouldn't. Me, I'm sick and tired

Of serving kisses with each mug of beer.
Don't laugh! I ain't no prude, but just the same,

I still prefer to choose the time and place
And man. I ain't particular, I say . . .

None of your plaster saints. I've been around.
There's worser joints than Dip's; I oughta know.
And still, by God, I'd like a little rest.
No chance." She flopped into a chair.

Dot said:

"Love ain't no hot-house flower. Love is tough.
Love takes it on the chin, and then it ups
And smacks you one. It never has enough,
It seems, of warring spears and poison cups.
Love ain't no luxury. The idle rich
Have no monopoly. It's like the rain
That soaks the little Dago in the ditch
And sprinkles on the governor of Maine.
Just and unjust are caught within its net.
Juliet no more than Susie was exempt.
Love ain't no snob, but equally well-met
With 'coiffure by Antoine' or hair unkempt.
Love that won't stay for parson's book and ring
Made queens of Sal and Sue . . . uncrowned a king."

"I guess you're right," said Sue. "Love ain't crowned you.

He done you wrong, the loafer. How's the kid..."
"The kid's O. K. I'll tell you one thing, though:
I ain't a gonna let him stay at Mom's
No more. You know my sister, don't you . . .
Kate?

She ain't been living right, you know . . . not straight.

I've gotta watch his health. He's all I have.
And, gee, he's cute. You oughta see him walk.
Oh, sure he's walking now. He's bright, that kid.
Just like his Dad. Oh, damn it all!" She turned
And dabbed her lashes with a twisted end
Of apron.

Dip's and sentiment don't mix.
Enter the boss: "This ain't no water-works.
Turn off the fountain, kid, and stir around.
Whadda you think you draw your wages for?
For blubberin'? You bet your life you don't!
I hired you as a favor, anyway . . .
You with a kid around your neck; you ain't
No prize. Stop whimperin' then, and get to work."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dip. I didn't mean
To bawl like this," said Dot. "I'll wash my face
And be right out." She left.

And somewhere Fate
Scrawled symbols on a pack without an ace,
And women walked like queens in Duchess lace.
—REBECCA PRICE.

Death Mask

By Elizabeth Blair

ROGER LANE had one obsession. With him it might even be called a passion. It was not women. He had scarcely looked at another woman since pretty Sally Hedgecock at the stocking counter had married the tall and darkly handsome tie salesman ten years ago. It was not a dissipation. Roger never drank, and he smoked only moderately. It was not gambling. He knew too well his bad luck and his meagre pay check. It was the one trait, curiosity—a trait possessed by everyone; and yet it was this very trait that had transformed Roger from the honest, mild shoe clerk that everyone thought he was into the furtive, haunted creature that he knew himself to be.

It was during a week-end at a little stone country inn—one of those quaint inns near the New England coast where guests are treated as members of the family—that his curiosity played its most devilish prank. He could picture clearly the details of the scene that had begun it all: Mrs. Landers, the lady of the house, her round, kind face beaming, her apron freshly clean, was cooing, "Supper won't be ready for half an hour yet, sir. Wouldn't you like to see my son Harold's collection? He has some mighty queer things—curios, he calls them. They were Mr. Landers' before the pneumonia took him—God rest his soul. Mr. Landers was a sea captain and a mighty good husband—."

She had rattled on while she had led Roger into the parlor. There she became lost in memories as she pointed out a blue glass vase with a steel arrow imbedded in it, a pair of gold pistols carved with the story of (she said) Captain Kidd, and other oddities—"Every one of them Mr. Landers brought back from his voyages."

And then Roger had become aware of *it*. Its strangeness, its sinister oddness had tingled down his spine like an electric shock. There on the dragon-carved teak-wood table between the west windows it stood in the shadows—a death mask.

Roger had never seen a death mask before, and this one, Mrs. Landers assured him proudly, was the most unusual of all death masks. He could well believe her. The mask was dull black, the face of an old man. "Of what old man?" his



curiosity queried. The sunken cheeks and mouth; the closed, ball-like eyelids; the prominent bones of the thin, fine nose, noble forehead, and well-molded chin; even the wrinkles—all were detailed in a smooth, hard material. To complete the weirdness, the black mask was imbedded in a ball of hard gilt wax, flattened at the bottom to hold the mask slightly tilted. But to Roger, the most tantalizing thing about the mask was its size. It was smaller than life size; but Mrs. Landers had just said that death masks were made on the faces of the models themselves. Could there really have been such a daintily formed under-sized man?

Mrs. Landers was still chattering on. Roger nodded his head politely without taking his eyes from the mask. His fingers were actually itching, trembling to take hold of it. Very casually he put out his hand. Mrs. Landers did not admonish him. The surface was smooth and cool. Then Roger gasped and almost dropped it. The mask had flown up in his hand like a balloon released from its moorings.

Mrs. Landers' low chuckle snatched him back from the clutch of terror. "Everybody does that," she laughed. "Everybody thinks it's heavy, but it's light. It's hollow."

"Oh, of course," murmured Roger exasperated with himself. Of all the silly—. She had said, "hollow!" In a daze he replaced the mask on the table, his curiosity already at work.

"Supper will be ready in a minute," Mrs. Landers was saying. "Now you run along and wash up." She hustled him out in front of her and shut the door.

Roger must have eaten enough supper, because Mrs. Landers did not scold him; but he could not remember one thing that was on the table. Harry, a strong, clean-looking boy of nineteen, talked cheerfully between large mouthfuls; and Roger nodded absently once in a while. He kept reliving the scene in the curio room. Each time it gained in importance.

"Hollow, hollow," kept echoing in his ears. How could a ball like that be hollow and yet have no opening? There must have been an opening somewhere. Why had it been sealed? Had there actually been a man that small? It was black. Why had it been set in a gold ball? Why had the ball been sealed? Hollow ball—

At last everyone was rising. Roger rose too. On the pretense of going upstairs, he did not

enter the front room with the others. Something drew him straight to the parlor that held the curios—that held *the* curio. He shook it. Was it possible that he heard a faint rattling within? He set the mask down with a sudden resolution. He would go to town tomorrow and get some gilt—some gilt to cover the marks of the small opening that his curiosity was planning for him to cut in the mask.

At nine-thirty Mrs. Landers stood up and yawned politely. Everyone rose. Roger had tried unsuccessfully to learn casually something of the mask from Harry. Harry either did not know or did not want Roger to know.

After Roger was in the deep feather bed, he heard the grandfather clock in the hall strike ten . . . , ten-thirty . . . , eleven. Not once had his eyes closed. A queer restlessness possessed him. He could not lie still. He was too hot. He threw off a blanket. He was too cold. He pulled the blanket back up. He was quivering inside.

Tomorrow he would get the gilt and cut open the ball. Then he could stick it back and paint the crack. Tomorrow he would know! He felt a swift exultation—then as swift a chill. Suppose he couldn't get the gilt tomorrow. Maybe the car wasn't going to town tomorrow. It had gone for supplies today. The room was suddenly a hollow. Everything was a hollow, and he was overwhelmed by hollowness.

Suddenly he could not stand it. Hang the gilt! He flung back the covers and slid to the floor. Silently, silently, he crossed the floor, crept down the stairs, stepping quickly from creaking boards, and through the back hall. How dark it was! What if someone heard him! At last he felt the knob. Curse that rusty door! Straight between the windows he headed. And then he had it.

Back in his room he locked the door with trembling fingers and turned on the light. Burying the top of the ball in his pillow so that he wouldn't scar the paint, with staring eyes and quivering breath he began to cut a circle out of the bottom. God! the wax was hard—like steel. He'd have to be careful so that he could stick the circle back in. Later he could paint it. Why didn't he keep his knife sharp! He'd never finish that way.

What would be inside? At first he had thought perhaps it would be empty. He had only wanted to be sure. Now he was positive

that something was in it. What? Perhaps—perhaps he might unearth some century-old mystery. Perhaps, oh! perhaps the mask might be built around a skull! That would explain all—the ball, the hollow, the closed space.

He could never get a circle cut out. He'd have to scrape a hole. He could melt a candle and fill the hole afterwards. Sc-c-crape! Scrape! The knife sounds fell quickly, monotonously on his straining ear. With each stroke his nerves grew tenser.

Outside an April thunder storm broke. The lights went out. Cursing softly, Roger groped for the candle he had seen in the drawer. Mercy! He could melt the wax with the candle.

Scrape and melt, scrape and melt. He was through! The wax bottom gave way! Trembling so that he could hardly hold the candle, he stared into the ball. Yes! Yes! It was there. He almost screamed. He choked on his screams. Don't be foolish! But . . . A paper! A paper!

What was that? Someone was coming! Quicky the mask under the bed; a towel across the scrapings on the wash stand.

A knock.

Roger reeled across the floor. He unlocked the door. Who was this who dared to interrupt him just as he found the paper? What—?

The door swung open, and Harold's low-pitched cheery voice questioned, "I say there, is anything wrong? I thought I saw a light under your door."

"Nothing, thank you." Oh, why didn't he go!

Harry turned and picked up a tray from a hall chair. "I was just taking this to my room. Thought you might like some too." He came in. "Storm woke me. Went down to see if all the windows were tight and if I could fix the electric plant. I passed the pantry and couldn't resist. Good ole Maw! She won't care. Have some milk, and there's cake and what's left of the chicken."

Roger forced himself to eat. Suddenly he choked as a terrible thought struck him. Harry had gone to close the windows. Suppose he had gone into the curio room! Suppose he had missed the mask! Well, he'd better find out now.

"Say, Harry, with your flare for engineering, why don't you go to college?"

"Well," Harry grinned, a slight red rising to his cheeks, "Maw needs someone here at the

inn to do the man-sized jobs; and besides," Harry could be blunt, too, "I don't have the money."

"Couldn't you sell some of those curios? They—"

"Oh, no! They were my father's."

"Oh yes, of course. Don't blame you at all. I guess I'd do the same. But they are quite valuable?"

"Well, yes."

"Aren't you afraid to leave them just lying around. I mean, somebody might steal them."

"Who? Guests? —Oh no! Most of our guests—."

"But someone from the outside—."

"Oh, we keep the windows locked. Say, did I tell you about that silver sword?" Harry was launched on a story.

Roger breathed more easily. But why didn't Harry go? Why must he talk so much—all about the curios. Then he started talking about Maw—on and on. Roger could feel himself trembling.

Then he remembered Mrs. Landers' yawn. He tried it. Harry was instantly on his feet.

"God," he exclaimed. "I forgot it was time when all good boys were asleep. I hope I haven't bored you."

"Not at all," came the reply—without too much emphasis.

"Look! The storm's passed. Well, good-night."

The door closed. Breathlessly Roger waited, crouched like an animal, until Harry's door closed. Like a wild thing he sprang to the door and locked it. He crawled under the bed, grasped the mask; and, sitting on the floor, eyes burning with a mad gleam, he shook it. The paper fluttered out.

Roger snatched it, jumped to his feet. There was something written! A foreign language—a queer alphabet. Why wouldn't his hand hold the paper still so that he could read it. He turned it over, went stiff, then suddenly limp and glazed-eyed. His overwrought nerves could not take the shock. His head sagged forward, and his knees buckled. The paper fluttered from his nerveless hand and fell on the floor—the queer language on the bottom. The top side read:

"London, Copyright No. 199652: 1922.
(Repeated on Back in Russian)."



Spain's Hour of Agony

By Rebecca Price

POWDER is burning in Spain, and the war is a holy war . . . vested interests against human decency. The stake for which Franco is playing is the right to control the future of the Spanish people. The Barcelona government is playing a lone hand, but Franco's dice are loaded with the subtlest little instrument that diplomats in France, Germany, Italy, and Britain could devise . . . the farce of non-intervention.

In 1931 an awakened people drove Alfonso XIII out of their country and established a liberal republic, under Zamora. For the first time in centuries the Spanish government was in capable hands, and a sincere and intelligent effort was made to check the forces of disintegration and decay which had set in at the close of the fifteenth century.

The first legislation of the Zamora government was directed against the Church. Even if Fascist tales of priests roasted, hung up in butcher shops and labeled "pork" and of nuns raped and made to dance naked were true, they would only be a more scathing indictment of the extent to which the Catholic Church in Spain has victimized, exploited, and degraded a helpless people. It is not strange that so merciless a

hold could be broken only by drastic methods. Impartial observers report that, considering the provocation, the masses have shown surprising restraint. The real artistic treasures have, for the most part, been preserved and catalogued for the government museums of the future; the churches burned were generally rococo structures which deserved no better fate.

The greatest impediment to the proposed reforms of the Zamora republic was the almost universal illiteracy. In 1931 the Spanish peasants were still confining their efforts to fight tuberculosis to the wearing of little colored papers, sold at two pesetas, bearing the sign of the cross; and pregnant women were still bumping their heads against the nose of San Mateo's bust to secure an easy delivery.

A population of some twenty million people (Heaven only knows how much reduced by Moorish, German, Italian, and Portuguese mercenaries) supported thirty-four thousand priests and seventy-one thousand monks and nuns, of whom thirty-five thousand were engaged in teaching. The typical religious school was an ungraded, single-teacher, single-room affair thrust in a dark corner of a Medieval building,



without proper playground, heating, or sanitary facilities. Every other day was a saint's holiday.

Big boys of ten and twelve were, of course, not expected to come to school, but to work with their fathers in the dusty, heart-breaking little fields of the Castilian plateau or in the infamous mines of Asturias. Grown girls of twelve and thirteen, if they attended school at all, usually had to bring a whole nursery of younger brothers and sisters with them; because Mama, too, worked in the fields all day, and somebody must take care of the ever-increasing little army of hungry mouths at home. The curriculum consisted chiefly of *Ava Marias* and the inculcation of a fearfully respectful attitude toward Mother Church. One selection from the New Catechism will serve to indicate the methods of ecclesiastical propaganda:

QUESTION: What sin is committed by those who vote liberal?

ANSWER: Usually, mortal sin.

President Zamora's Minister of Education, Fernando di los Rios, the present Spanish ambassador to the United States, realized that before he could begin his ambitious five-year program for giving Spain the most progressive public educational system in Europe he would have to secularize instruction. But the Church had a powerful ally. Hand in hand with the insidious spiritual domination of the clergy went the even more brutal economic despotism of the three hundred men who owned nine-tenths of the arable land in Spain.

The Duke of Alba was a typical Spanish grandee. He was eight times a duke, fifteen times a marquis, and sixteen times a count, with estates in proportion to his multiple rank. Most of the year he spent taking his pleasure in

Madrid or on the blue Mediterranean, but occasionally he would remember his ancestral estates and go down for a few days' shooting. If any attempt had been made to make those huge holdings productive, the condition of the peasantry would not have been so desperate; but only a small portion of the land was under cultivation. Millions might be dragging out a half-starved existence that would make the most poverty-stricken negro tenant-farmer in the Southern United States seem a plutocrat by comparison; but my lord duke must have his shooting, and thousands of acres of good farming land must lie fallow for his annual sport.

The urban proletariat was little better off. Said Fernando di los Rios: "The only meat the people tasted was that of the bull and the horses after they had been slaughtered in the ring." The Primo di Rivera régime fined the most noted physician in Spain, Gregorio Marañón, one hundred thousand pesetas for giving a public lecture on the rudiments of sex hygiene. The Vatican is opposed to birth control, and the more ignorant the populace is in all respects the easier it is to exploit them. Beside the horrors told of Barcelona's red-light district, the Paralelo, Lucky Luciano's little machinations in Manhattan seem angelic. The Paralelo girls now have rifles on their shoulders and are fighting for a chance to lead half-way decent and normal lives.

The Spanish war is not a civil war. It is Fascism versus the Spanish people. If the government wins, the masses will win their age-long struggle against poverty, disease, and illiteracy. If Franco wins, starvation wins; the Paralelo district wins.

Says the British correspondent, John Langdon-Davies: "We have come to the end of a period when capitalism dressed in democratic fashions prided itself on being democratic; we



are coming to the period when capitalism in its Fascist phase abandons even patriotism in the cause of profit." Juan March, the tobacco monopolist and so-called "sugar-daddy" of the Spanish revolution, did not hesitate to summon foreign butchers to shoot his compatriots down when his exclusive rights to the Moroccan tobacco industry were threatened by the republic.

The masses in the avowedly Fascist countries have been so thoroughly saturated with propaganda that their support of the Rebels, though misguided, is doubtless sincere. But the fact that supposedly democratic nations like France and Britain were made signatories of the travesty of non-intervention is a tribute to the deadly efficiency of the Fascist international machine and to the fact that it cuts across national lines and has no god but Mammon . . . and Adolf Hitler is its prophet.

Not even two thousand miles of Atlantic will purchase the United States' immunity in the coming struggle. We are the most powerful nation in the world today. Whichever side we declare for will likely win, and the influence of our support is too momentous for us to hope that either side will be content to let us alone. In 1914 it was the German cable lines that were cut, while Allied propaganda continued to flood the country. Actually, as every history student knows, Allied infringements of our maritime rights were as flagrant as those of the Central Powers, but the Allies had our ear . . . and, consequently, our sympathy and eventually our military assistance.

War is inevitable, let pacifists say what they will. We are moving swiftly toward an unavoidable decision. The American people must determine whether they will declare for Hitlerism or for civilization. In the end they will tip the scales for the faction which wins the propa-

ganda war . . . and it must be admitted that on this tried and familiar ground the Fascist dictators have very winning ways.

We are sitting on an active volcano; but as long as the flame does not break through the crust, we feel no cause for alarm. Spain is far away. But the murder of the Spanish nation has placed the motives of the Insurgents beyond any doubt, and their audacity reveals what a strong trust they repose in the mile-thick coating of inertia that prevents us from appreciating the significance of their actions.

We have simply failed to inform ourselves of the circumstances and to realize the implications of what is happening in Spain. We accept the situation as composedly as we do the information that coffee has gone up a cent on the pound or that dresses will be shorter this year. Again, as in 1917, war will find us unprepared, amusing ourselves with pipe dreams about pacifism and with interesting little toys like embargoes and neutrality bills.

The parlor pacifist is the enemy of national security. He lulls the unwary and uncritical citizen into an opium state where he believes that humanity is actually becoming civilized and that if all the mothers, or all the college students, or all the members of the Exalted Order of Whimwhaffles will only unite, war can be once and for all outlawed as an instrument of international policy.

Americans, for all their vaunted practicality, are a race of dreamers and idealists. They persist in their pleasant illusion of a war to end wars. When it again becomes a question of barbed-wire entanglements, phosgene, wheatless days, and sundry other little pleasantries, doubtless that idea will send a man to hell as quickly as any other.

Dictator or Leader?

By Grace Hilford



“DICTATOR”—the word leaps out at us from every newspaper, figures in an alarming number of magazine captions. Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, Chiang, all are branded with the epithet; but the one who should interest us today though recently crowded from the headlines by the European crisis is Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. A focus for the attention of the world, China’s “Savior” or “Traitor,” most loved or most despised, most trusted or most hated, by four hundred and fifty million Chinese citizens, former Premier and present Military Chief, actual although no longer titular head of his country—what of him? He it is who leads two million, two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers in defensive warfare at this very moment when Japanese troops are thundering at his lines, forcing his capital slowly westward, capturing one strategic city after another, committing what seem atrocities against humanity as they bomb towns seething with trapped civilian throngs. On his shoulders rests the responsibility for a civilization.

The study of a leader so complex, so many-sided, must be approached from many standpoints. What of the Generalissimo as a militarist? What of him as a man with attributes and theories? What of him as a revolutionary? First as a soldier: we must admit surprise at the success which the trespassing Islanders are enjoying. The military prowess of Dictator Chiang seems astonishingly ineffective. As a basis for our former confidence in his tactics, we recall that Chiang, born fifty-one years ago in Fenghua, North China, was sent first to Paoting Military Academy, and then, through political influence, to Tokyo Military Staff College. After studying the Soviet system of warfare for some time, he returned to head the newly founded Whampao Military Academy. That early training would lead us to expect more martial acumen, especially when this was augmented by the years of victory as a militarist while he was forging his way to leadership of a nation. From 1911 till 1925 the Generalissimo served under Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, his brother-in-law. During this time China had been changed from the rule of the Manchu Dynasty into a republic. Dr. Sun accomplished the change. After the Doctor’s death in 1925, Chiang was left in charge of the Canton Kuomintang forces. The next year found him starting his northward march, supported by a strong communistic band. Hankow, Shanghai, and Peiping were speedily captured; and the Nanking regime was established in 1928. Then came his mistake that may prove fatal. The Communists who had fought with him for two years were suddenly made the victims of Chiang’s next move. His warfare against them was so intensive that in 1932 he declined to use his troops in the settlement of the Japanese question, implying that Communists were more dangerous than foreign invaders. All this foretold strength when he deemed it most needed.

The army training was as promising as these early victories. Chiang spent years trying to impress right living upon his troops. National loyalty, physical well-being, and moral cleanliness were stressed. With equal zeal he concentrated on material improvement of his crack-army.

Close to a million dollars were spent on American aeroplanes, seven hundred and fifty of them. More roads were built in five years than in the preceding three thousand. Buses and trucks sped from city to city carrying men and munitions. In peace time the same equipment would greatly reduce the national catastrophies wherein thousands starve in one province while another section wastes food because there are no transportation facilities. Although these are rapid strides in the right direction, what can a man do in five years toward uniting a nation so long divided by war-lords, toward training a modern army for war against a foreign power, when he has been expending most of his effort toward Communists? We begin to realize why the Japanese are making rapid headway; why Chiang can hardly show himself the great general we expected till he is further prepared.

Why did the Generalissimo not fight the invaders a few years ago, when Chinese sentiment was already violently anti-Japanese? Why the duration of the present war? From a purely military standpoint the answer to the latter would appear to be: inadequate preparation; and, the answer to the first question: realization of the inadequacy of his power and his new-found religious belief which is inconsistent with fighting. "The intellect is not enough," Chiang has decided, "it must be assisted by religion, by the religion of Christ. If you do not have Christ, you do not have anyone upon whom you can lean." That in a general? Hardly compatible.

"To fight or not to fight" was further complicated by Chiang's cultural outlook. Every man, he affirmed, could lead an artistic life if he lived up to the ancient standards of polite manners, upright conduct, a sense of right and wrong, and an appreciation of moral values. Militarization and increased productivity could make this life possible. Militarization, but let the soldiers fight whom he alone commanded them to fight. As for production, China would have a ten-hour day, and since "my Labor Act" would be sufficient, there would be no organizing or strikes. Since national unity called for attention and production had been speeded up, one could not endanger property or progress with a Manchukuo controversy. Does this perhaps shed further light on why he was not eager to fight? We can but draw our own conclusions about Chiang the fighter, Chiang the peace-lover.

Chiang Kai-Shek, a personality, claims our attention. His eyes with their dark liquid beauty are his most impressive feature. "X-ray" eyes, they have been called. Others see in them "the apparent timelessness of the race." Significant of the man who would "win by waiting?" Energy and vitality, alertness and vigilance are stamped on his face and expressed by his whole figure. The face is that of a refined, sensitive gentleman. If personality may be defined as "the extent to which one is able to interest and influence people," Chiang has that elusive quality. The journalist W. R. Wheeler says that of all people whom he has met, "Theodore Roosevelt and Chiang Kai-Shek were the most powerful." "Roosevelt was like a Rubens figure, ruddy, portly, unrestrained. Chiang is like an individual in a landscape painted during the Sung Dynasty, the restraint and delicacy of the drawing of the figure concealing yet disclosing strength."

There are divergent opinions of Chiang. The Japanese Foreign Minister says, "A man of moderation and gentle virtue." His son, Chin-Ko, went to school in Russia and came back hating his father because he himself believed in Communism. His in-laws have turned against him, but his wife remains staunch. Calm, courageous Chiang speaks for himself when he addresses his people thus: "The general psychology of the Chinese people today can be described in one word: listlessness. Our officials tend to be dishonest and avaricious; the masses are undisciplined and callous; adults are ignorant and corrupt; youth becomes degenerated and intemperate; the rich become extravagant and luxurious; the poor become mean and disorderly." That statement with his other acts would be paralleled in America, according to one imaginative writer, as: Roosevelt turns Mohammedan and prefaces his New Deal with, "Our American people seem to me a nation of jazz-loving gum-chewers, profligate installment plan buyers, poltroon capitulators to racketeers, gasoline-wasters, and coffee-addicts." It took courage for one man to turn Christian and to launch the great Chinese National Government. Chiang's is a mature energy and enthusiasm, greatly needed during the strenuous days. Much of his popularity is accorded him because his people realize his austerity, integrity, and asceticism. Above and beyond these qualities we recognize two motivating influences which are a part of him. His

Christian faith has already been alluded to, that unusual degree of consecration which can help to explain his humanitarian philosophy, his desire for peace, his personal fineness.

On nearly equal terms we would put his loyalty to China, though the point is still hotly disputed. Is his policy of "resistance through yielding" a sign of pro-Japanese sentiment? Is the position of his trenches during the latter part of 1937 an indication of willingness to give up a part of his territory? Is his liking for Japan only a natural outcome of his schooling on the Island, is it but a Christian sentiment, or is it the attitude of a traitor? No one can say. Critics call Chiang an opportunist, safeguarding his own destiny. Friends say he is only a political realist. Do these words ring true? "My government has overcome the twin menaces of Communism and national disunion." Again, "Ever since launching the expedition I have repeated to my followers these two principles. First, on detecting the slightest selfishness on my part or discovering plans contrary to the interests of the country and the people, anyone may accuse me of guilt and put me to death. Second, should my words and actions betray lack of trust and good faith, or indicate departure from the revolutionary cause and principles, any of my subordinates may take me for an enemy, and put me to death." So he addresses his army; he has spoken for himself.

The most important work of the dictator, that taking most of his vision and energy, is the revolutionizing of his entire country. The New Life Movement is the name given to the attempt to weld together the best of the old and the new in Chinese national and individual life. A bloodless revolution has accomplished startling changes in the space of a few years. In 1926 China was a divided country with no strong leader; in 1936, according to Frank Hedges of the *Washington Post*, "Dictator Chiang now heads the strongest Central Government in that country (China) since 1908, when the Empress Dowager Tzu Hsi reigned, and has succeeded in uniting the Chinese people in a way that has not been known for centuries." The Dictator himself declared, "China must be a clean nation to be great." He has "cleaned up" political weaknesses, Communistic troubles, morals, and the state of well-being, physically speaking, of his people. He compares his New Life Movement to

the N. R. A., the Five Year Plan, Nazism, and Fascism. The ideals of the endeavor are service, courtesy, individual rights, and honor.

Chiang announces, "In so far as the Movement tries to reform manners, it has both to curb the exuberance of modern Chinese manners, and to jar the inertia out of the traditional ones." To enforce his laws, ranging from etiquette to obedience of war-lords, Chiang makes use of that favorite device of all dictators—terrorism. His are the Blueshirts, whose leaders are graduates of Whampao Military Academy, where Chiang was director for several years. The faction is more important than the Kuo-mintang, the leaders of the Nationalist Party. It has degenerated into a terrorist band whose activities Chiang no longer openly sanctions. The blame has been put on them for the assassinations of Mr. Tang, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs; of Mr. Yang, founder of a group, now disbanded, which corresponded to the American Civil Liberties Union; and the attempt on the life of Mr. Wang, Premier of Nanking. Italian and German Fascists advise the Shirts. Whether or not Japan gets control of the rich resources of China and the unlimited market provided by her millions, Chiang must say; and what he does to check the Blueshirts might be an indication of his decision. His determination that a party dictatorship, a leader dictatorship, is unquestionably the right answer for a country like China is tenable; but his resort to an enforcement agency such as this seems unquestionably wrong.

The New Life Movement is a wonderful step in the direction of national unity. Higher ideals, obedient war-lords, no Communists, no war where there can possibly be peace—the dictator seems to have a good policy. Only as Chiang Kai-Shek's life is examined in relation to that revolution, to Asiatic international complications, does it take on much significance. The controversy—as to whether he is hypocritical traitor or an ideal and idealistic, truly patriotic leader for China, still has exponents on both sides. Perhaps disapprobation runs high in certain factions. Perhaps he will fail in his defense of his country. But when one sees a political leader in the world arena struggling for a new China, ruled by the ideals of courtesy, service, individual rights, and honor, one wishes to salute that man.

Over The Editor's Shoulder

AN EXPERIMENT was conducted not long ago on the campus of one of our Southern colleges for men. The purpose was to find out how long a conversation could be carried on in a bull session without drifting—as they all do—to the subject of girls. The results: regardless of the topic assigned for discussion (they varied from current literature to the present international situation) in no case was it more than three minutes before the same old outworn topic of “whether Susie loves me” or “when I’ll see Jane again” became the focal points of the conversation.

No such test has been made on our campus, but any student who frequents the bull sessions here will notice, if she tries to see them objectively, that fashions, dances, football teams, social functions, and boys occupy the center of attention in any idle discussion. Perhaps these light, frivolous topics are more interesting; perhaps we get enough about spirogyra, Neo-platonism, theories of light, and “battles long ago” drilled into our heads in classes; perhaps we just are not fundamentally interested in the pursuit of “sweetness and light”; perhaps we are seeking to postpone the realities of life until we actually have to face them.

What is learned in classes and crammed for exams we know is expected of us; we know what we learn there. But the cultural side of life cannot be learned from a professor alone. There are professors who seek to awaken an interest in the student in life and the living of it. The student, however, has to show that interest, has to develop herself along cultural lines. How to dress well, how to enjoy parties and dances, how to use the right fork—all of these are a part of the well rounded life. Yet to be interested only in the social amenities warps one’s character, gives the graduate a “finishing school” appearance, results in superficiality.

We will be graduated—some of us will teach, some of us will marry, some of us will take jobs

as secretaries, some of us will just drift along, and some—a few—may become leaders in the development of America. At any rate, we will some day be sent out and become more nearly a part of the world and its problems. Whether we will do only what is asked of us and fritter the rest of our time away dreaming of the good times we had in college, or organizing clubs to raise money for social functions; or whether we will spend our leisure time actively developing our minds and pursuing valuable studies depends on whether we have, during the formative period of life in college, developed interests in the world about us—and the world within us.

What are our political ideas? Are we individualist, socialist, fascist, or do we know what we believe? We will be voting before long. Shall we vote as we have always been taught to vote, or shall we develop a political philosophy of our own, grounded on our class work, our outside work, and our discussions with schoolmates? What are our religious ideas? Do we still cling to our cherished beliefs or have they been snatched away with nothing to replace them? We can help each other develop a satisfying religion as we develop our own. What do we think of recent trends in the arts and the sciences? Nowhere after we graduate will we find concentrated within a city block people who are studying such diverse subjects as music, literature, foreign languages, art, dancing, history, and the sciences; people who can explain to us trends that we do not understand in fields we are not trying to master.

Years later we will look back on our bull sessions and gossip discussions as fun—fun that we are missing when we cannot see the girls. They are fun, and they should be. We should enjoy talking as we do, and we should talk about things we enjoy talking about. But what will we have to show for our informal conversations after we graduate? It is the ones on deeper subjects which we will find in the end most beneficial.

SKETCHES

Miami Hurricane

THE air is strangely heavy, dull, and oppressive. A match would not flicker in the lifeless atmosphere. The anemic sun, although giving off great heat, fades into the pale, yellow-gray sky. It is difficult to breathe and so quiet, so quiet. You know it is coming, it is coming, but there is nothing you can do, nothing — nothing — nothing. Why doesn't the storm come, and relieve this unbearable, nerve-breaking tension?

It comes! The hurricane hurls itself against the frail houses of bricks. Water pours down the chimneys. The furniture is afloat. Only a back room on a higher level is dry. The air is almost too heavy to breathe, and the whine of the hurricane is getting louder. It moans and sobs with great sighs of wind that grow stronger and stronger. Everyone sits around waiting—for what? What does the hurricane care for immortal souls? What did it care for those poor devils on the Keys two months earlier? The strongest man is a drenched leaf in the iron-bound hand of the storm, a leaf to be crushed and flung away, drifting and tossing with the turbulent waters.

Outside, an ocean of rain sweeps down. Nothing can be seen but the blinding white; nothing can be heard but the roar occasionally punctuated with crashes of trees falling or cars breaking. Nothing can be felt but the shaking and quivering of the floorboards, and the frequent wrench of the foundations, as floating or flying objects smash against the house.

The chimney is broken now. The center beam of the porch is split, and the roof of that structure sags down, as the torn screens flap. There are few houses that will be able to stand much longer. Is the storm nearing its end?

Silver stars and a golden moon shine from a dark-blue tropic sky. The air is soft and quiet, and the hand of peace seems to lie over the land. The hurricane is over. You're alive; I'm alive. It is over, it is over; and tomorrow we will know how much damage has been done. In down-town Miami half delirious crowds are emerging from

the skyscraper hotels in a frenzied and hysterical mood. The principal thought now is, not to go to Church and thank God for deliverance, but to get drunk. This objective is accomplished by looting the wrecked liquor stores and packing the saloons. It is like a Mardi Gras celebration in New Orleans, without the gaiety of the Louisiana festival, and with an air of grim desperation.

It is morning, a beautiful golden morning. Bent and broken telegraph poles sag across the roads. The rocks are covered with bits of roofs, broken cars, and debris of all sorts. Biscayne Boulevard lies covered with dead fish, wreckage, and boats, swept up from the bay. Palm trees bend towards the ground, and others lie uprooted in the middle of the street. Cars are piled up against each other. Many houses are unroofed. The Negro section is demolished; Hialeah is destroyed. The whole city is covered with broken glass. Storm shutters still swing from the windows, and the ocean pounds and surges. A wrecked freighter lies off the beach.

Statistics are being gathered, now. Dead—eight. Lowest barometric reading, 28.75. Wind velocity, 85 to 150 miles per hour.

Miami's hurricane is over.

—MARGARET COIT.

The Gentle Seamstress

*You speak of the life that is heavy with strife;
You shudder at things people do;
But you'll never know the real meaning of woe,
Until I explain it to you.*

*I went forth today in my innocent way
To seek out a seamstress, no less,
Who could measure my size and quickly devise
A certain exotic new dress.*

*I think demons drove her. The ordeal is over—
My body's electric with pain;
My backbone's a-quiver, and likewise my liver,
And maybe I'm going insane.*

*She set me on high somewhere near the sky,
On a pedestal miles from the floor.
She tried to behead me; with straight pins she
fed me,
And vainly I sputtered and swore.*

March, 1938

*To banish my fears, she stuck me with shears
With fierce diabolical grins.
She pulled and she pushed; when I cried out,
she 'sbushed,
Ejecting more volleys of pins.*

*Well, I paid her the fee, and now I am free,
But how in this world can I bear it?
For though I possess an exotic new dress,
I'm in no condition to wear it.*

—ELLEN MEADE WILSON.

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REVIEWS



Stuart Cloete, *The Turning Wheels*. Houghton Mifflin Co. 1937. \$2.50.

STUART CLOETE has been, at different intervals, Guardsman, farmer, and writer. In addition to furnishing his experience as a farmer in South Africa, his Boer ancestry also served as the soil from which sprang *The Turning Wheels*, a story of the Great Boer Trek from Cape Colony to the Transvaal in 1836.

The novel, "one of violence and passion, of Kaffir-killing, child-bearing, Bible-searching, and irrepressible, young love," centers around alluring Sannie van Reenan, the girl for whom Hendrick van der Berg, grizzled, Biblical leader of the trekkers, kills his son. She hates the old man and runs away from him when love comes to her with young Zwarte Piet, a slave trader, hunter, and fighter.

Although Sannie is the key character of the plot, she is by no means the best drawn. Tante Anna de Jong, whose vast bulk discourages, even prohibits her from physical activity and forces her energy into her mind, is always aware of camp affairs and undercurrents either through Kaffirs' gossip or her own observations and intuitive deductions. She is possessed of a gross wit, but when facing her enemies she is also possessed of the implacability and formidability of a puff adder.

Rinkals, the Kaffir medicine doctor, is the only one of the men who goes as far as Tante Anna toward having a really penetrating philosophy. Rinkals, skinny and wizened, is a mighty seer, wizard, and wit; in short, he knows how to read human nature and how to use well his knowledge of that nature. Toward the end of the story the old Kaffir and the old Boer woman meet and talk for many days, "for in both there was much wisdom, and each could see into the mind of the other and admire its dexterity."

The adventures which make up the novel are fascinating (though sometimes repulsively

so) at the time one is reading the book. Cloete's word imagery in bringing the action before one's eyes is concrete and colorful, but *The Turning Wheels* is hardly a book which will have a permanent place in future libraries.

—VIRGINIA WOOD.

Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson, *In 1937*. New York, Henry Holt and Company. 1938. \$2.00.

ALVIN C. EURICH and Elmo C. Wilson made a definite contribution to current history when they published last year *In 1936*, a book which sought to discuss and to correlate events at home and abroad. Early this year they published a sequel, *In 1937*, and announced that because of the requests of reviewers and historians they intended to continue the series.

In 1937 is divided into three parts. Part one includes surveys of national developments: of the labor situation, the fight against crime, governmental problems centered about the battles of the President with Congress and the Supreme Court, and trends in the business world. Re-armament, the spread of Fascism, aggression in the East, revolution in Spain, and an evaluation of the Russian project are the focal points for the presentation of progress and degeneracy abroad. Stage hits, motion picture awards, music, radio, and best-sellers are discussed in part three.

In 1937 is not burdened with technicalities or long uninteresting digressions. Reproductions of photographs and glazed inserts dramatize events. The explosion of the *Hindenburg*, strike scenes, and flooded areas are pictured. Graphs are used to clarify trends in production, consumption, and criminality.

The book, alone or as a part of a series, is a valuable contribution to history. As the world grows more complex year by year, its people find themselves more and more ignorant of, and baffled by, current affairs. *In 1937* knits the fragments of world events together, clarifies them, and presents readers with an opportunity to see what is going on and what present incidents may lead to. People today should be grateful for this chance; historians of the future may look back on this series of books as an encyclopedia from which to draw their knowledge.

—ANNA DIXON.

d r a m a

WHIRRING, buzzing, and knocking—crackling, sizzling, and beating—these atmospheric disturbances have for years marred any attempts at international transoceanic broadcasting. Americans have had to wait for news reporters on this side of the oceans to relay to them important events abroad. Recently the efficiency with which scientific radio researchers have been working to eliminate atmospheric disturbances has been exhibited in broadcasts over our home broadcasting chains from Berlin, Paris, London, Rome, and other European capitals.

On March 13 and 15 our dials were tuned to hear Adolph Hitler's speeches upon his penetration into Austria. His voice came through distinctly—a great victory for broadcasting. Subsequent programs also came to Americans from European capitals commenting upon the reactions of the different nations to Hitler's audacious act. On this side of the Atlantic our ears tingled with excitement as history was being audibly made. And those who have made possible the broadcasts also listened excitedly; their interest was in the clarity of tone, the lack of whirring and knocking that had hampered previous attempts to relay messages directly from abroad.

The value of transatlantic conveyance of important events and special programs by way of radio can hardly be estimated as yet. In the light of events in America from 1914 to April 1917, however, certain observations can be made.

The declaration of war in Europe in 1914 took many of our people by surprise. They were unprepared to cope with the situation, so scanty was their knowledge as to what had been happening in Europe. As a result, the American populace was an easy prey for foreign propaganda. Early in the war the German cables were cut, and from that time on most of our news came from the British propaganda office. The few feeble wireless communications that Germany was able to send us were ignored amid the avalanche of news poured upon us from Britain. Americans became convinced of the brutality of the Germans, of Germany's sole guilt for the war, of the idea that the Allies were fighting for what was right and the Central Powers for what

was wrong. Loans were made to the Allies; Wilson's idealism whipped American sentiment into a mad surge to "make the world safe for Democracy."

Today the situation has taken on a different aspect. Broadcasts from abroad have pictured the events in Europe clearly. We know that we can expect crises that may lead to war; we know the reactions of various governments toward those crises; we know that another war cannot take us by surprise. We can begin now fortifying ourselves against the cataclysm, so that when and if it does come, our judgment may be saner.

In case of a war in the future, cutting of cables and censoring of printed news will not keep Americans from hearing both sides. Wave lengths will carry news as long as there are stations to broadcast it. With no one country controlling the news service pictures of personalities and ideas as black and white may blend into shades of grey. Any crusade such as our last will not find us so completely blinded by lack of information.

—ANNA DIXON.



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March, 1938

Volume 42, Number 3

CONTRIBUTORS

Mildred Howell was a music major. Her interpretation of the "Big Apple" and jazz is timely—and a bit unusual. In the midst of damning phrases about the bubbling of water and the clash of tin instruments, she has presented jazz as its foremost proponents see it.

Elizabeth Brown has turned from fiction to fact. Her article in this issue is based on her relationship with her own grandmother.

Gwendolyn Gay is new on these pages. She is a music major and composes music for the piano. "Abstract Design" was written while she was in the infirmary with a high fever, an interesting fact reminiscent of circumstances under which many poems have been written.

Rebecca Price has become familiar to our readers this year. Her article on Spain was written for the magazine after extensive study of the Spanish situation. Miss Cutting of our Spanish Department helped her collect the material. "Conversation at Dips" was written after Miss

Price read *Conversation at Midnight*. Her poem was intended as a satire on Miss Millay's.

Elizabeth Blair has been introduced to our readers as an artist. Her story for this issue shows Miss Blair's other talent, writing. She has illustrated her own story.

Grace Hilford's article on Chiang Kai-Shek was written after the author had done extensive reading on the Generalissimo, the country, and the people he is leading.

The art for this issue has been done entirely in block prints because of our financial limitations. Rosemary Snyder as our new art editor has to a great extent planned the art work. She is a senior and a major in costume design. Assisting her have been Hilda Brady, a sophomore and an architecture major; Emeline Roberson, also a sophomore, and an art major; Betty Hunt, a senior majoring in costume design; Mary Cochran, a junior art major; and Elizabeth Blair.

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